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| A Leave-TaKing, She will not smile; She will not stir; I marvel while I look on her. The lips are ohilly And will not speak; The ghost of a lily In either cheek. |
| :---: |
| Ier hair-ah me! <br> Her hain-her <br> How helplessly <br> hands so there! <br> Meet not hers <br> 0 golden tresses <br> That thread tent |
| 1 kiss the eyes <br> On either lid, <br> here her love lies <br> And smile and seap <br> I will be sleeping <br> Thus some day! <br> --James Whitcomo Riley |


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| he tried to follow them; but his wound so troubled him that before he disappeared from sight in a small ravine, he had falled into a walk. <br> They then went back to the grove and brought up the horses, intending to follow up and secure the wounded bull. |  |
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| Just then an idea-a brilliant ideaentered M -_s head. Why not follow |  |
| on till within andir distanco of the |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| photograph him? The photograph of |  |
| bay, oh! that would be immense So while M - took his rifle, H |  |
| took the "machine," and they followed |  |
| on after his majesty. They soon found |  |
| him lying down, but he rose at their |  |
| curiously for a while, started for them |  |
|  |  |
| at a speed which compelled their |  |
| ever, M- suggested to his com- |  |
| "Now, H-_, I'll go round by that ledge and attract the old fellow's atten- |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| a magnificent view of him." <br> - assented, but with an inward |  |
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